

# NOON HOUR SPENT IN THE PARKS

Girls Who Fill the Benches in Washington Square—An Early Rush for the Shaded Seats—Keen Enjoyment of the Air and Sunshine, but Little Boisterousness—Men of Uptown Shops Take Their Pleasure Sadly



NOON ON THE SKYSCRAPER ROOF

Out of a loft building near Washington Square rushed a young girl who did not stop until she reached an Italian fruit seller at the corner.

"It's my turn to-day, hurry up, now," she said. "Two bananas for Sadie, two, no, lemme see, three apples, two oranges—and say, how many of those cherries for five cents? Not on your life, that stung little bag. Gimme two apples. Hurry now, for the girls will soon be down."

She turned to look toward the building. Already the advance guard of the army of workers had begun to appear. The noon whistle had blown and there was half an hour of fresh air and sunshine ahead of them. It was to save time for the visit to the park that the courier came in advance to buy fruit to supplement their lunch.

The little group gathered to await the provisions and then the five girls moved in a body up South Fifth avenue to the square. They walked briskly, for the other factories in the neighborhood were emptying and the benches shady at mid-day are limited. The street soon filled with the eager, hurrying crowd that came from the high buildings to the south of the square, to the west as far as Broadway and north from University Place, where the girls work.

There is no thought of their work, however, as they rush out to meet the light and air at the lunch hour. The five that had taken the precaution to buy their fruit in advance found a bench and settled there. Out of paper packages came bread and sandwiches, cake and crackers. The bench was for all but one of them on the bench. The other perched on the iron railing.

"Somebody just came out of the Mayor's house," said one of them pointing to the north side of the square. "It was a lady, too."

Every head was turned to look at the house they all know so well. These girls were New Yorkers and their conversation was carried on in the New Yorkese of their



SANDWICHES ON A PEDESTAL

class. It was the new girl that came yesterday, the outing of the social club the next week, the bad temper of the foreman and similar subjects that occupied their thoughts.

"Look at the guinea there," one of them said as three dark eyed girls came rather timidly to a bench and sat down. "They all work in Oppenheimer's up on University place."

The three girls, pale faced and black haired, moved rather clumsily and carried

themselves with none of the assurance of the others. The bench they chose was in the glaring sun, but they did not appear to mind it. One of them sat nibbling a piece of bread alternately with a hunk of hard looking cheese. The other two talked softly together.

The girls, who were now scattered all through the park, were hatless. The Italians, who were numerous, wore long black aprons over the skirts, which did not hang below them in the modish pleat, like the skirts

of the Americans and the other girls whose glossy, curly hair proclaimed them from another race. The dresses of the Italian waitresses were free from any attempt at the up-to-dateness of the others. Although some of the girls bowed and many of them came from the same factories, they did not mingle. Every race kept to itself.

Two and two they marched along the asphalt paths after they had finished their rather meagre luncheons, and gathered on

the marble sides of the empty fountain in the middle of the square, perched there to be nearer the vehicles that passed along the main drive. Occasionally a salutation called from a passing wagon evoked a scornful or a cordial answer, as the appearance of the crowd happened to suggest. The impression of careless, happy enjoyment of the sunlight and the fresh air was imparted to the whole park by the look of the girls. They were not boisterous, although an occasional laugh or cry would

attract attention to two that had ventured on a foot race.

"You'll need the strength you're wasting there before 5 o'clock!" called out one of the older girls who was seated on a bench. "You'd better cut all that out!"

They did, and that seemed the tendency of all the girls. They wanted to keep still and enjoy the result without any more effort than the walk to the square and back.

Before the clock on the church gets around to the half hour there is a flutter and the little group prepare to move. By the time the clock is at the half hour there is not a white shirtwaist to be seen and the park will for the next twenty-four hours be free from the visitors.

The effort to make the best of the brief recess for luncheon served to transform almost every part of New York. Only the women appear to have a good time out of it and make it a period of recreation. The sad looking men who have gradually occupied the sidewalks from Astor place uptown until they are now as far up as the forties on Fifth avenue take their freedom from labor just as seriously as they ever did. Standing on the sidewalks they smoke and talk with the subdued sadness of their race, are content to occupy the avenue until it gets too sunny and then move around into the side streets—but no further than is absolutely necessary.

The move of the manufacturers of women's dress uptown has so far brought few of the sewing girls up to that region. The industries in which they are employed in large numbers linger down town and the daily outing to be witnessed in Washington Square has its counterpart only in Union and to a less degree in Madison Square.

The girls who are employed uptown are in the sewing rooms of the fashionable dressmakers. They exhibit the same desire to get out into the sunlight. Those that are within reach of Bryant Park gather there, although they are not nearly so numerous as their sisters who fill the benches in Washington Square.

The others do not content themselves with standing on the avenue in the disconsolate fashion of the men. They are scattered along the avenue within the neighborhood of their place of employment, staring frequently into the shop windows with surprising interest in view of the fact that their time is spent in making just such articles.

Here much of the chatter is French. There are some few Irish women, but they are growing scarcer every year, while there is rarely to be found a sewing girl of native birth. The Italians are usually employed only in running the machines, although there are now some in the uptown sewing rooms and the number grows ever larger.

A group of these girls laughing on a bench in the park through their half hour of recess sets the thoughts of the observer wondering how they pass the same time in winter. Nobody takes the same apparent pleasure in the spring that they do in the small opportunity they get.

Employees of the telephone companies and other business concerns that have many girls are not compelled to take their diversion in the street. The roofs of the buildings are turned over to them. There it is possible to enjoy a degree of exclusiveness that the girls on the park benches could never attain. It is possible to skip the rope, and one could not do that in Washington Square.

## SMITHERS MAKES A HAUL AT LAST

A Climax Supplied by an Auto—Gentleman George Also Finds Himself in Clover.

Of course, Mrs. Flamingo had her way; there was no question of her side—the might of old Matrice Coolidge's hopeless passion for her. There was no question, too, as there gladdly whin it isn't needed.

She had come to Coolidge's office by night, alone, on the did quite to receive from him a conditional loan of \$5,000. Such a ruction as would result from the arrest of Gentleman George Ringgold and me for our felonious attempt on the same must be avoided at any cost.

And so, when she insisted, we pristinely found ourselves sneaking out and away into the dark, leaving the two Coolidge young women, the was ragin', the odder weepin', as they shared that bitterness which only the heart knoweth.

"A sinner escape, Jarge," I panted, as we walked in the blind alley into which he had steered me. "The fuder of we get the better of we are, as the man said to the mustard plaster."

"Nonsense," snarled Jarge with glisterin' eyes. "Mrs. Flamingo will be comin' out d'riety with \$5,000—the \$5,000 we had in our very hands for was dammed, delious moment, Smithers. Lard, it sets me wild to think of it!"

And he was hulked in the touch and go light.

"But," he objected, jerkin' it from me most like a foot on a string, "you offer be comin' in a butt, Smithers. If your eyes hadn't been in your heels you just have noticed the night hawk standin' just below the house; the horses asleep, the driver in the corner j'int, his worrld well lost in the beer well gained. There niver was such a chance. Come, man, come, you can't brush off a spoke of time here."

"You mean—" I gapped.

"I mean," continued Jarge, rushin' me down the deserted street like a collidge istichun, "I mean that you must take your seat on the box, and when Mrs. Flamingo comes out drive her around the block. Meanwhile I'll money into the s'loon and liquor for the driver and be waitin' to jump into the hack as you pass the alley. This off you drives to the park, the lonely part, down the lake."

I didn't like it, not even a little bit, as the colt said when he was broke. I never did like to war upon women; they have too many advantages and disadvantages all their own. But yet the emmignuity was so times, Jarge had such compellin' ways. I held back, seemin' to see in the gloom soft eyes shinin' reproachful, a slender finger p'intin' shame.

"You concentrated fool," Jarge stormed, "don't you see that if she let us go for fear of exposure when they had us dead to rights just now in the office she wou'd dare to utter a peep under circumstances even more questionable. I don't know what's her game, but it must be a despit to force her to borrow money without

her husband's knowledge for the man, too, who is garr on her."

"It isn't that," I explained, me fut on the wheel. "But wholiver lays his hand on a woman, Jarge, save in kindness—"

Jarge laughed me to scorn.

"The force and arms you're fearin', is it, Smithers?" he cried. "Know thin that the force of the edecshuns and the arms that embrace compose me only stock in trade. Didn't you note the eye she gev' me whin in the office? Up with you, man; she's comin'!"

Inspiring to me most. He shot like a shadder into the corner s'loon as the veiled and cloaked ledy approached fleetly from the house.

"Take me back, driver," says she, inside of the hack with the swing of the dure; and as I whipped up the old plug I t'ought to meself, t'ought I, that she wud be took back sure enough if she only knowed.

II.

Such is life, I reflected. We're all in a closed hack, drivin' t'roo the dark anny way except the wan intinded, with the divvie knows who handlin' the ribbons.

Just thin the old ark gev' a lurch over a rut, shakin' philosophy out of me kronk, as contract with a hard fact generally doos shake it. There was a bang on the glass at me back, a squashy sort of a n'ise as if med with a swab on a stick. I glanced over me shoulder in time to see somethin' white bobble to and fro and thin vanishin' like a ghost in a b'nted house.

"Surely not Mrs. Flamingo. Thin who or what was it?" I mumbled, me hat fairly littin' from the fear in me hair.

By this time I had purty nearly skinned the block. I was approachin' the blind alley where Jarge shud be waitin'; so I slowed down from an after to a before the funeral pace. Clus to the curb I druv, peerin' into the black maw for Jarge to perfum his brudder art, but nawthin' kem fort' except silence; he was not there.

What shud I do? I dast not drive furdur down the block. Mrs. Flamingo wud surely recognize the rid light on the corner; alcidly she might hear the sound of rivvity within—did I catch Jarge's tinor strikin' and crackin', too, on the high notes of "We won't go hom until marnin'?"

What wud I do except turn into the avenoo, as intinded, drive to the main intrance of the park in the hope that he might be waitin' there, and thin if he failed me again leap from the box, leavin' ledy and money and white headed spook to their several devices?

At all evinte, it was better than the heat-tashun in which so many heads are lost, so without delay I perceeded aording.

In my leisurely progess so that Jarge might have ample time to arrive fast be trolley I naterally reviewed the little I knew of the ledy inside. A plucky wan beyond all doubt; there was decision in every movement, coorage in flash of eye and curl of lip, temper in poise of head and stamp of fut.

Jarge had said she was unhappily marret, describin' her husband, Mark Flamingo, as an all around sport and man about town whom she hadn't divorced for only wan reason, her disciplinashun to do so. Might it not be that her love for him, her

jealousy of some wan else, was the supreme motive which had plunged her into the dub'us thicket where she was now entangled?

Just thin the old plug shied as if suddenly renewin' their antediluv'ian days. Whiz past us shot an auto car, low, long, triang'lar shape, with the sharp ind fust, drippin' with light, for all the worrld like some infernal submarine, with diver layin' clus in the bow, skimmin' over the eart' arter a flyin' start across the bed of the weeding coast.

No wonder that there was a rattle of bones in front. I know that my teet' jined in the equine chorus, the more so, indeed, beuz, with the swerve of the hack that myster'us white thing had slid and pressed against the window at me back. Whatever it was, and arter this second glimp' I didn't dare conjecter, Mrs. Flamingo had no fear of it. Presently I heard her fust voice comin' t'roo the tube at if the flat were afire.

"Don't go in by the main intrance," she ordered. "Take the lane, and so to the lake house." And meekly I whipped up and tunned into the designated road.

Why? Well, for wan t'ing, early trainin' combined with late discipline had tart me to mind whin spoken to sharp. For anudder I was impressed by the coincidence that Jarge shud have suggested my driving to the very spot alridly selected by Mrs. Flamingo as a rendezvous and inspired by the hope that he might be there arter all instid of at the intrance.

Besides, there cudn't be a better place for me to make my break for liberty. The lake house was closed and deserted at this hour.

Our way lay up and over a hill and so down to the lake deep in the ravine. As I crossed the ridge I noticed on the steep opposite a flare of light with a triang'lar shadder behind it. It was the submarine motor car, ristin' like a great bud with outspread pinyngs arter swift flight. I liked the old skates the more for their inherent incompatibility with the sprit of the age.

We reached the fut of the hill. I drew up in the damp and dark of the narver space in front of the boat house. I gev' a low whistle which Jarge wud recognize—nywhere this side of the Morgue.

There was no response. He was not there. A stranger, shorter, heavier, stepped out from the shed; the handle of the hack dure tunned—it was time for me to go—I did go, off the side—Lard, where and how far didn't I go!—out from a roaring flash and smash, tearin' t'roo trees, whizzin' t'roo bushes until I splashed and settled in the soft, safe mud.

Like a meteyor flung be Mars that auto car had plunged down upon us as we stood in the gulch. Niver in diddest war had hundred tonner been aimed more deliberately, been fired with colder blood. Whoever the goggle eyed dimon that steered it, there had been mudder in the fust with malice prepense in the dried and jerked grizzle that answered for his heart.

I picked meself up, dizzy and sore as if kicked be the eart'. I picked meself up, but that wasn't all. My hand touched somethin' hard and shinin' layin' be me side.

It was a silver hand bag—the very identical bag into which I had seen Mrs. Flamingo tuck the \$5,000 yellor roll not t'ree hours

before. The next moment I was scootin' t'roo the byways of the park as if me veins were filled with gasoleen and be damned to it.

III.

It was late the next marnin' that I was toyn' with a grilled bun in the private dinin' room of a swell sweet at the Cerul'an. I raised me languid eyes from a cassal survey of the pupple and fine lining in which I was arrayed to the newspaper set betune cocktail and fruit like the tough fillin' of an angle food sandwich, and this is what I read:

MYSTERIOUS FATALITY IN THE PARK.

Late last night the watchman by the lake in the park discovered evidence of what must have been an appalling runaway. In the ditch by the lake house lay two dead and mangled horses in the fragments of what once had been a carriage. Beyond on a grassy bank lay the bodies of a man and a woman, dead, and unrecognizable. What at first seemed incomprehensible was that the woman, who must have been young and beautiful, had been so bound and bandaged as to be unable to speak or move. (The identification, however, of the other body as that of Dr. Silas Krouse, proprietor of a somewhat notorious private asylum, makes it seem probable that his unfortunate companion, regarding whose identity there is not the slightest clue, was a patient whom he was conveying to his suburban institution. These bare outlines give warning of a dark and dreadful picture, which may be presented to our readers in a subsequent edition.

Dark and driftful, indeed. As if troo the magnifyin' linses of the mind's eye, Horatio, I seemed to be able to discern some of the missing details of the catastrophe.

Mrs. Flamingo must have escaped—steppin' out in her brisk way to greet the doctor as he approached from the shed. Even as I had scooted one way out of the park, she had flitted anudder way, leavin' the lifeless bodies of her agent and her victim behind.

Her victim? Yis, the white spook that had scared me so—now I began to understand.

S'pose Mrs. Flamingo had suspected her husband of infidelity? S'pose she had traced his movements and discovered his ledy love? S'pose she had plotted to inflict a punishment wuss than death on this hated rival by shuttin' her up as hopelessly insane in a private asylum?

S'pose this Dr. Krouse, whose repetashun had to be approached from the windward, had agreed to the scheme for the price of \$5,000, the same to be paid C.O.D.? S'pose the driver whose place I had tuk had been instrumental in the kidnappin' of the poor creature—a tool likely of Mark Flamingo, who had tunned aginst his master, as sharp tools often do tun even in skilful hands? Wud not these supposishuns fill out the outlines of the picture with the sombre hues of jealousy, hatred and revenge?

But the low lyin' auto car with its dimon steersman—that cud not be painted out as a fortuitous detail. It had dogged the hack on the way to the park. It had laid in wait and thin shot down like a avalanche at the spot of all spots where deteashun must be inevitable, where deteashun might well be avoided.

Whose crude heart and hard hand had conceived and executed so diabolically? Mark Flamingo's? He was an all around

sport, p'raps genociously on with the new love as he was off with the old.

Might he not have been apprised of his wife's contemplated meetin' with the doctor, and have t'ought it a chance to be rid of her want for all, never dreamin' that his heart's darlin' of the moment might also be imperilled? Might it not well be—

Here the v'ilent ringin' of the telephone in the adj'inin' sweet gev' pause to me conjectures.

"Give me the head waiter to want," demanded a familar v'ice. "I niver seen such outrag'us treatmint, niver in my t'oser of two worrlds. The champagne isn't hygienically iced; the vollyvont is half pork."

But I cud not wait to hear furdur. With wan j'yous kick I put the connectin' dures asunder. There amid splendor and in raiment that wud have put Solymin hisself on the blink set me wan-time pal, Gentleman George Ringgold, as if to the manna born.

"Ah, Smithers," he said, condescending. "I hopes you are feelin' as well as you looks. There was room for improvement in each partic'lar I'm t'inkin' whin last we met."

"I might still be on a hack at an alley for all of youse," I replied indignant.

"Mine be the pleasure to make amends for the seemin' neglect," he went on like a fairy grandfather. "The fact is on interin' the s'loon I disklivered that a certin' well known man about town who allus goes well lealed was about to leave his clothing and valables with the landlord, an old cronk of his. He had a racing auto at the back dure and was about to be off on some hell's misshun. Well, he did leave 'em there, but not for long. I am wearin' the wan' and here is the odder, very much at your service."

And he perduced a fat wallet.

"It was Mark Flamingo!" I cried.

"It was nowg other; but why dignify a thing done with a name? Tell me radder of your own fortunes."

For answer I laid on the table the silver bag with the yellor wad inside.

IV.

I had scully finished the story of me strange experience whin the waiter burst on the dure like a gale of wind, with Jarge's aminded breakfast. As I glanced out into the hall I saw that a party of ledies passing by were glancin' in, attracted by the scene of refined elegance, but such, I reflected, are the embarrassmints germane to the rich.

It is niver wise, however, to belittle a woman's cussory glance, especially if anything want becomin' to her happens to be within telescope distance. Jarge was engaged with his food in the recess of the winder. I was dozin' in me chair, since in that discussun I had no part whin agin the dure opened and shut and Mrs. Flamingo, snatchin' the silver bag from the centre table confronted me.

There was no trouble about her bein' wide awake, all right. Wan wud t'ink from her trig, smart appearance, the clearness of her eye, the calmness of her meen that she had jest stepped out from a band-box, leavin' the cotton batting behind, instid of embodyin' the latest and rarest escape from battle, mudder and

attract attention to two that had ventured on a foot race.

"You'll need the strength you're wasting there before 5 o'clock!" called out one of the older girls who was seated on a bench. "You'd better cut all that out!"

They did, and that seemed the tendency of all the girls. They wanted to keep still and enjoy the result without any more effort than the walk to the square and back.

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The effort to make the best of the brief recess for luncheon served to transform almost every part of New York. Only the women appear to have a good time out of it and make it a period of recreation. The sad looking men who have gradually occupied the sidewalks from Astor place uptown until they are now as far up as the forties on Fifth avenue take their freedom from labor just as seriously as they ever did. Standing on the sidewalks they smoke and talk with the subdued sadness of their race, are content to occupy the avenue until it gets too sunny and then move around into the side streets—but no further than is absolutely necessary.

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ANIMALS UNDER THE WEATHER. Cats and Dogs Suffering From Coughs and Colds This Spring.

The inclement weather this spring is responsible for no end of trouble among the cats and dogs of New York, according to a man who runs a cat and dog hospital, and he ought to know. His patients, of course, are of the pampered upper classes of cat-and-dog-dom, but there is doubtless more or less indisposition among the great unwashed, and when you stop to think about it, maybe you will remember a particularly and peculiarly dismal, doleful note which seems to pervade the tones of the cat that prowls and yowls at midnight on the back fence.

"They suffer from colds and coughs and even croup," said the veterinary, holding to his ear the apparatus for all the world like that used by the regular practitioner, by means of which he was listening to the breathing of a big maltese. "Now this is an apartment house cat who curled himself on a pillow around a gilded steam pipe all winter."

"When they turned off the steam of course he took cold. Give him one of these pills three times a day, and keep him wrapped up warm till he gets better," he said to the anxious mistress. "And don't feed him in the night or ever for a while. Give him these powders in malted milk with a fountain pen filler."

The hospital was full. One cage contained a time this summer. Now she was suffering from influenza.

"They shaved him too early," a nurse explained. "Poor old dog, he has had a shivering time this winter."

"Oh, that one," referring to a whitish bulldog, with a bandaged ear, "the weather hasn't anything to do with his affection. He's been in the right again."

"This is the third time he's been a patient here, and he isn't so old either. He always has the same malady. He'd rather fight than eat and his psychic effect on this ward is bad."

Up in the cats' ward were cats in various stages of grip and pneumonia. There was just one surgical case, that of a little white Angora kitten with a torn lip.

The cat had jumped out of a third story window into a cement court. Upsetting all cat traditions, she did not land on her feet, but on her back. She was being tenderly cared for and the nurse said that when the stitches were taken out her lip would be as good as new.

Up in the dogs' ward a nurse was feeding some kittens with a dropper.

The most gladsome sight of the morning was that of the discharge of a pretty little spaniel as a well dog and the joy and affection with which he was received by his tiny mistress. The fat little colored maid who accompanied young Miss Millions was no less delighted at his recovery, while Riv himself jumped from one to the other in frantic demonstrations of joy.

Indian Prince's Jewels. From the London Tribune.

When the steamship Arabia arrived at Tilbury on Saturday four cases of undistinguished appearance were handed over to four men employed by tourist agents. Each man guarded his case with particular care, never releasing his hold upon it during the train journey to town.

On arrival at Liverpool Street Station the four men, each holding his charge, entered a van, sat on their cases, and were driven to Ludgate Circus, where the cases were immediately consigned to the sales.

The mysterious boxes contained the hereditary jewels of the Maharajah of Bikaner, who arrived in London a short time ago. The jewels, which are valued at about £25,000, were guarded in India by an armed escort.

Fancy Boxes for Candy. From the Houston Post.

"Candy boxes for the holiday trade will be more elaborate than ever," said L. E. Barry. "This is saying a great deal, in view of the fact that there has been a steady elaboration of the candy packages."

"The practical and ornamental is being combined, however, in the selection of the material for chocolates and bonbons. A popular package is one that can be used for other purposes on the dresser after the candy has been taken out of it."

"The highest priced boxes are used more for raffles and prizes than anything else, but still is often paid for a box of candy."